The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

The Snowdrop.

PRETTY flower, O tell me why
Thus beneath the bitter sky,
In the cold and winter year,
You so bright and gay appear?

"Little child, a lesson learn
Nor a flower's instruction spurn,
I will tell you how to bear
Sharpest ills and not despair.

As when Autumn's leaves are gone,
And the cold winds wildly moan,
God, in winter's darkest day
Takes not every flower away,

So, when prosperous suns no more
O'er the heart their radiance pour,
God will cheer the spirit's gloom
And some snowdrop leave to bloom.

R. C. W.

God Cares For Little Ones.

THERE is no mouse so young and small
But has his mother kind,
To bring him dainty crumbs of bread,
The wainscotting behind.

There is no happy singing bird,
With note so glad and bold,
But has his own warm, feathery coat
To keep it from the cold.

There is no pretty butterfly,
No worm of color sad,
But knows his chosen flower and leaf
To sup from and be glad.

The meanest creature in the world
Has been provided well,
With food, with bed, with little house,
Where he may safely dwell.

And who has thought and cared for these—
The smallest things that be?
'Tis the good God, who day and night
Guards, feeds, and blesses me.

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Mother Michel and her Cat.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER V.

The events which we have recorded show clearly the position of our character. Mother Michel, believing that she had lost at the same time a well beloved cat, and the gift which she intended to give to her nephews and nieces, became more careful than ever of Monmouth, and he, knowing now with whom he had to deal, determined to keep out of father Lustucru's way, or if it was necessary, to defend himself with his claws and teeth. As to father Lustucru, he wished now more than ever, the death of poor, innocent Monmouth, and no longer solely from jealousy of mother Michel, but from hatred of the cat itself.

I WILL hide in a desert," said he, "I will sink into the depths of the earth, before I will let a cat get the better of me. What, I! Jerome Lustucru, a wise man, a man who knows the world, I am overcome by a cat! I left him in the bottom of the water, and I find him at the top of the house. I wished to separate him from mother Michel, and I am the means of bringing them together. I take Mother Michel to the garret to torment her, and I make her happy. The cat I believed dead has come back to torment me in return, but he shall not torment me long."

It happened this day, that Monmouth had not yet dined, and it seemed by his mewings that he would willingly eat something. Mother Michel said to him immediately: "Patience! sir, I am going to see about your dinner."

She went down into the dining room, where she spent nearly all her time, now that the countess was away. But she saw nothing there, for him,

and the cat, who had followed her, did not seem pleased when he saw her take the way which led to father Lustucru's chamber. Nevertheless he entered with her, knowing that in the presence of his faithful friend, father Lustucru would not dare to hurt him.

At the moment, when she knocked at the door, father Lustucru had just taken from a shelf a green paper, which was labelled "Death to Rats." "This is my business," said he to himself, putting away the paper into his vest pocket. "'Death to Rats' may be also 'Death to Cats;' our dear Monmouth shall try it." Then opening the door he said, "What can I do for you, my good lady."

"It is five o'clock, father Lustucru, and you forgot my cat."

"I, forgot him!" said the butler, clasping his hands in great surprise, "I think of him all the time. I am just going to prepare a most delicious dinner for him, so that he will never wish for any other!"

"Thank you, father Lustucru, I shall tell the countess of your kindness to her favorite. I have received this very day a letter from her; she informs me that she shall return very soon, that she hopes to find Monmouth well, and that she has in store for me a great pleasure. You can understand my joy. My sister is a widow with four children, to whom I have sent each year, nearly all my small earnings; till now, these earnings have been very small, but thanks to the gift of the countess, these poor children will be able to go to school, and to learn a good trade."

While saying these words, mother Michel's eyes shone with the sweetness of joy, but father Lustucru was not moved. He was so wholly given up to his wicked passions that they mastered him entirely, and had smothered little by little all his true feelings, as weeds, when they are allowed to grow, smother the good grain.

We have said that Monmouth understood this man; he approached mother Michel, who had seated herself in order to talk a moment, entreated her with his eyes and clung to the bottom of her dress as if to say to her: "Let us go out of here."

"Take care," said the good lady," you will tear my dress." But Monmouth began again the same proceedings.

"Do you wish to go out of here?" asked mother Michel.

Monmouth made several capers in the air, as if to say yes.

"Certainly," said she, "this cat is only easy, when he is in the dining-room."

She rose and went out proceeded by Monmouth who bounded with joy.

A quarter of an hour after, the butler had ready a pie most tempting to the appetite, made of the whites of eggs and many other things. After having put into it a pretty good dose of rat poison, he placed it in the entry, and opening the dining-room door, called out, "Dinner is ready for Monmouth."

On seeing this delicious pie, Monmouth was very much pleased, for, it must be said, he was like all other cats, somewhat greedy; he put his mouth into the plate and withdrew it all at once, raising his back at the same time; a sickening odor rose from it to his nose. He turned the dish around, smelled of it again, and then went away from it. This wise cat had smelled the poison.

"How strange!" said mother Michel; and after having tried in vain to make him eat it, she went to father Lustucru to tell him about it. He listened to her with great anger."

"What!" said he, "has he refused to eat it?" Probably, then he was not hungry.

"I suppose he was not, for your pie looked splendid; I should have been pleased with it myself, and I almost wanted to taste it, in order to set an example to Monmouth."

At these words father Lustucru, in spite of his hardness of heart, could not help shuddering, and he said to the good lady: "Do no such thing, for pity's sake!"

"Why not? is there anything injurious in it?"

"No, certainly not," stammered father Lustucru, "but what has been prepared for a cat, should not serve as food for a human being."

Mother Michel agreed to this, and said rather brusquely, "Oh, well! let Monmouth take care of himself! I will not stoop to his whims, and I will not give him another thing!"

The next day the pie was still untouched. The butler had hoped that, pressed by hunger, the cat would at last eat the poisoned pie; but Monmouth knew how to suffer; he bore it very well and ate the scraps and bits of brown bread which were thrown away, and started back with terror every time mother Michel put the pie before him, and so at last the pie remained forgotten in one corner of the entry.

Father Lustucru, seeing that his plan had not succeeded, was more angry than ever. The de-

sire to get rid of Monmouth became with him a fixed idea. He dreamed of it day and night.

Each letter in which the countess demanded news of her cat and spoke of her promise to mother Michel, increased the hatred of their enemy.

He invented the most wicked plans to get rid of Monmouth but none of them seemed sure enough. Finally he thought of this:—

Upon a heavy stand in mother Michel's chamber, there was a marble bust of Louis XIV. represented with a Roman breast-plate, and a wig in which was twined laurel leaves. Just behind this bust, and a little above it, was a round window which opened on to the stair case, and at the foot of the heavy stand was the soft cushion which served as Monmouth's bed, and the bust would undoubtedly fall on to this cushion, if the bust should take it into its head to tumble at all.

One evening, father Lustucru went noiselessly into mother Michel's chamber, opened the window a little, then went silently away. The minute all the people were in bed, he took a long broom, placed himself in the stair way opposite the window, and leaned heavily against the baluster, and with the aid of the broom pushed the bust, which fell upon the cushion with a frightful noise. This was just what the wicked man had wanted, for he thought of course Monmouth would be killed by the fall of the heavy bust. However on hearing the bust roll upon the floor he felt frightened, and hastened to his own room with a trembling step.

Mother Michel woke with a start; she was in darkness and could not see to get a light, and surprise and fright deprived her for a moment of the use of her senses; then she cried, "a thief," with all the power of her lungs.

Immediately every one in the house was up: all the servants ran to find out what the matter was; father Lustucru entered last with a night-cap on his head. "What has happened," he asked.

"I see now," replied mother Michel, "the bust of Louis XIV. has fallen."

"O, lah!" said father Lustucru making believe that he was very much astonished, "in that case your cat has received it upon his head."

But as he said these words, Monmouth came out from under the bed and went up to mother Michel, as if to ask aid and protection from her. Father Lustucru remained dumb.

Every one knows very well that cats are light sleepers; Monmouth, who was in the habit of sleeping with one eye open, woke up suddenly on hearing a noise behind the round window. Like almost all animals he had a great deal of curiosity, and wished to find a cause for that which astonished him. So he placed himself in the middle of the chamber in order to see better, with what intentions a broom would come in through the window, of its own accord, at this late hour. Frightened by the fall of the bust however, he rushed under the bed.

They gave mother Michel a glass of sweetened water to restore her to her senses, then they picked up the great king who had broken his nose and chin, and had lost in his fall half of his beautiful wig; then they all went to bed again.

"Still another time he is saved!" said father Lustucru, "he escapes me always, I shall not be able to get rid of him before the countess comes home! mother Michel will have her gift of five hundred livres a year, while I shall remain as poor as I am now. This cat distrusts me; all that I undertake against him only fails; decidedly it is necessary for me to have some one to help me."

M. C. Schouler.

The Star of Bethlehem.

STAR of Bethlehem.
Beautiful Star,
Harbinger bright of the coming morn;
Heavenly token,
To wise men afar,
That Jesus, the Saviour, was born.

Star of Bethlehem,
Beautiful Star,
Thy splendor illumined fair Judea's hill;
The wondering shepherds,
Listen with awe
To the messenger of "peace and good will."

Star of Bethlehem,
Beautiful star,
Emblem of purity, symbol of peace;
Under thy lustre
Bloodshed and war,
And angry commotion shall cease.

Star of Bethlehem,
Beautiful Star,
Thou lightest the valley, dispellest the gloom,
And paintest in beautiful
Colors so rare
A halo of peace on the tomb.

Star of Bethlehem,
Beautiful Star,
In the blest region where cometh no night;
Over the river,
In Canaan fair,
We'll walk in thy beautiful light.

For the Myrtle.

St. Valentines's Day.

THE first valentine I ever received, and which I still have, was from a nice little dark eyed boy named Willie Druce whom I remember, running about his garden, with a broad brimmed flapping hat, a tunic, and white drawers' edged with embroidery. The valentine was a bunch of blue flowers painted on nice paper with green and red silk leaves, and a scroll bearing the words, "This fragrant flower, my love, is thine, accept it from thy valentine." I thought it was splendid!

The next one I received represented a little Miss, smiling on a boy with immense head, rolling eyes, and turned up nose, who knelt at her feet; but I found out that this was from mamma who sent the maid out to knock a postman's knock and then bring the valentine in, and I never thought of looking at the stamp to see whether it was an old one or not.

Mamma also sent me a valentine with a "lackadaisical" young lady seated at the piano, and when you pulled a strip of cardboard at the back, the young lady's hands would rise and fall and strike the piano, but this valentine only made me pout! for in it I saw an allusion to one of the caricatures in "Heath's oddities," entitled "Practise drives me mad," in which mamma made believe to find a striking likeness to me in the little old woman of a child perched on a music stool unscrewed to its utmost extent, upon whom the portrait of a clergyman over the piano looks down in horrified amaze, and who had driven to despair the music master, of whom you see only his legs and coat tails as he makes a precipitate exit through the door, after having kicked over a footstool and cast to a distance the book in which he had been endeavoring to peruse "the life of patient Job."

I used to delight in making valentines to send to Annie Yolland. First I would persuade mamma into giving me a sheet of lace edged note paper. Then I would paint a Cupid in a pink scarf with a fairy land back ground, fasten to the Cupid's shoulders, wings of silver or gold paper, and tear out of my old valentines, bits of gold or silver moss, coral, doves, stars, flowers, or what not, to place here and there; or I would sew into a wee artificial pink rose, a fairy with a pin for a wand, at the end of which was a silver paper star, and surrounded her with festoons of beads or jewels made of the colored tinsels I found on the shirt button cards.

Sometimes it would be a "marine subject" when I would first melt a stick of red sealing wax to a fine point, and trail it over the paper in branches to give the effect of a coral grot, and then fasten a "tiny shell," to the centre, with tinier shells and pearls, as well as polyps and silver surrounding it, and a Cupid or sea nymph reposing in it, whilst amongst rocks of cork I would place mermaids with very long hair and very scaly tails.

The verses were always original, and brought in Annie's name, or her sisters' if I sent them anything also. And I would write them in a disguised hand, as I would the address on the envelope or wrapper, on which besides placing on old stamp I would carefully paint a post mark.

Then after dusk I would go out with the maid, run to Annie's street door, leave the valentine, give a tremendously loud postman's knock, and run back to the street opposite, where from a convenient spot we could watch unseen the opening of the door. All the children would be sure to rush out together to look up and down the street for the postman, and I could hear the exclamations of delight. But Annie invariably guessed that her valentine came from me. Sometimes she brought one for me, when

my mind would fall into a very complex state between my grateful appreciation of her affectionate attention, and my want of appreciation of such specimens of colored engravings. They were usually long gentlemen with shy blue coats, and green trousers, leading ladies with red trains, purple parasols, and very yellow bonnets with ostrich feathers, to churches all steeple and weather cock, and accompanied on the road by salmon colored Cupids, armed with bows and arrows.

As I grew older I developed a taste for caricature and fancy portraiture, and once mamma asked me to make a portrait for a valentine of a little girl whom I had never seen. "I will tell you," said mamma, "how she looks, and what dress she wears. First, she has an oval face, pink cheeks, blue eyes with eyelashes darker than her hair which has a golden tinge, and is combed away from her forehead. You must give her very short skirts, a black silk apron with bodice, and very pretty legs and feet. There must be a table with several books on it, and she must have a book in her hand."

"Oh! I can't, mamma. How am I to know what sort of a nose she has? and the shape of her mouth?"

"Her mouth is small, with somewhat roguish expression, her nose is neither turned up, Grecian, flat or Roman."

"Is it aquiline?"

"Well, I scarcely know, perhaps a little so, but make a pretty nose and it will look like hers. I want to send it to her aunt and uncle, 'Nollekins' as she calls him for fun; they almost worship her, and she certainly is the dearest, funniest, wittiest child imaginable. Now try, there's a dear."

"Well, I'll try, but its worse than writing letters to people you have never seen, and I know it wont be one bit like her."

However I set to work, and finished the drawing of the face and figure in small size. "That's very well indeed, Clelia. It really looks as she does; when you have colored it, it will do nicely." After I had made varions additions in the valentine style, the picture was sent.

It gave much pleasure and entertainment, and I soon received from Mrs. Holmes my first invitation to spend the day with her niece, Louisa Erskine. How I enjoyed that visit! First of all Louisa showed me her own little treasure-medals, with busts of Italian poets and artists, models of vases from Pompeii, some of which she pressed upon my acceptance, Venetian shell ornaments, bracelets of gold coins, and sketches taken abroad; and she gave me a set of enameled lady bird studs, to which one could almost have sung the "fly away home." Years after she gave me another enameled insect set, and these were green scarabees with white spots. In the drawing-room I was shown other treasures, and despite my bashfulness in Mr. Holmes' presence, I had to play on the piano for Louisa, who praised me highly, though she played very nicely herself. In the library she showed me the most interesting books, and engravings, and after that, we were told that we might walk in one of the private enclosures of Hyde Park. The man-servant who had been their courier abroad, stalked behind us with great dignity till we came to one of the private gates, when after unlocking it, he left us, with the order to come for us soon. It was very pleasant to watch the persons walking inside or outside the enclosure, to discuss their peculiarities of appearance, speculate on their dispositions, their fortunes in life, and ultimate fates. We, even young philosophers that we were, argued concerning the vanities of life, the hollowness of friendship and the weaknesses of human nature in general! when our conversation on those subjects was broken into by the appearance of a nurse maid with a child in her arms who was looking over her shoulder. When the girl paused under a tree in front of us to watch something in the distance, the child fixed on us its large round eyes. "Did you ever see anything more like an owlet," asked Louisa of me in a smiling whisper.

"Oh, the glance of a basilisk," said I. "See what he will do if we look fixedly at him."

We both stared at him, but this child's eyes only opened wider still, without a sign of flinching. "What an extremely singular child! I hope he hasn't the 'evil eye.'

"Look at him! a sort of enchantment seems to possess him. I must make a grimace at him to see if it will make any impression." We both made grimaces of the most varied character, but the child remained impervious throughout, and soon his nurse walked on with him. A few minutes after, we met them near the gate and the child stared at us as persistently as ever. As soon as the nurse's attention was otherwise engaged we recommended the grimaces, introducing some novelties in that way that had not before suggested themselves to us, when the voice

was heard of Mr. Holmes' servant, in grave respectful tones, saying, "Miss Louisa, are you ready, Miss?"

We both turned red and examined his countenance to see whether it betrayed any signs of his having been a witness to our contortions of visage, but if he had his face was a perfect mask, and disclosed nothing. In the evening, after dinner, Louisa and I played to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and then Louisa told me much that was interesting and droll about her travels. Once watching her graceful movements and piquante expression, I said to her, "You remind me of the fascinating ladies, kings fall in love with in historical romances, and when you grow up you'll be married to some man who will be no ordinary, every day person." Childish prediction! but strangely fulfilled, for she is now the wife of the valorous man, now commander in chief of the expedition against the Ashantees, whose name is known far and wide, Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

The Little Girl at Nye's.

"THERE'S a little girl at Nye's!"
So the neighbors said, with sighs.
"She has lost her way, we fear,
Poor, lone birdie, nestling here,
In a home dark and dreary,
With a mother pale and weary,
With a father who is wasting
His strong life,—to ruin hasting.
Yes, she's surely gone astray,
God ne'er sent her here," they say.

Ah! we've eyes, but can not see;
Deaf uncertain ears have we;
God is still a mystery.

For "the little girl at Nye's,"
With her sweet and loving eyes,
In her home a very beam
Of the cheery sun did seem.

Till the mother half forgot
All the hardships of her lot,
And the father, with a smile,
Thinks of each bewitching wile,
Toiling all the harder now,
Wiping off his heated brow,—
"Quickly must the work be done,
I must go at set of sun,
Or she grieves, my little one."

Tied at home with cords so slender,
Baby lisps and cooings tender,
Cords so slender, yet so strong,
Tney will keep his feet from wrong.

And his lawless friends of old
Sneered, then coaxed, and then grew cold.

But, alas, one wintry day,
Mournfully the neighbors say,
"Baby's dead!"
And they lightly tread, and low
Whisper of the parents' woe,
And sweet flowers they softly strew,
Wet with tears, as once with dew,
Round her head.

And the mother, day by day,
Folds so carefully away
Baby's things,
Thinking, with a happy smile
Through her falling tears, the while,
"Seraph can not stay below,
Heaven wanted thee, and so
God sent wings.
But He'll take care of thee,
He will keep thee still for me."

Paler grew the father's brow,
And the comrades whisper, "Now,
When his heart is crushed and sore,
He will come to us once more,
Let the foaming, sparkling glasses
Tempt him daily as he passes."
Tempt him! he is strong;
Hear his answer to the throng:

"I will give you this to ponder:
I've an angel waiting yonder;
Waiting, aye, though time be slow,
And years pass before I go.
Surely, surely, then, 'tis meet
That my lips be pure and sweet
For her greeting
At the meeting.
Think you, comrades, that for this,
I'd give up my baby's kiss?"

So the "little girl at Nye's"
Was an angel from the skies,—
Was a bit of God's own smile,
Shining on them for awhile.
For awhile! It shineth ever,
God's own smile is darkened never.

"Give It, all the Same."

A victorious general, riding over a certain battle-ground after the fight, saw the bleeding form of a prostrate foe, and said to one of his attendants, "Give him a draught of water!" The wounded soldier, lifting his eyes, and discerning the presence of the general against whom he had been fighting, raised himself on his elbow, and stealthily fired his pistol at him. Happily the bullet missed its aim; and then his would-be benefactor, with a forbearance truly magnanimous, said to the water-bearer, "Give it him, all the same!"

Truly this was the spirit of Christ, who said concerning his murderers, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

A Little Girl's Concert.

DEAR CHILDREN: I went last evening to one of the most beautiful concerts I have heard this season, and I think I cannot do anything better for you this week than tell you the story of it.

The concert was in Cambridge, and the way I came to go was this: The week before, I had met the good pastor at Cambridgeport, with his wife, at a little social gathering, and we were talking about the famous singers of the season. Among others, Mr. Barnabee was mentioned; a name that must be familliar to many of our little readers, who have probably laughed at Mr. Barnabee's droll songs, as he has sung all over New England, and far beyond. But I had to say that I had never heard Mr Barnabee. "Well, then," they said, "you must come out to Campridgeport on Monday evening and hear him; for he is to sing at a famous concert we are to have."

"And by the way," the pastor went on, "I must tell you all about that concert, for it is, in a way, our affair, and that's another reason why you should come. It is a charity concert gotten up entirely by one of the little girls of our Sunday School; Olive French, an only child of her father and mother, about ten years old. How much they encouraged her and plan for her, I don't know; but she really does all the work herself, and I think the idea was her own. She held her first concert last year, which was a great success; and she gives all the proceeds to one of the hospitals in Cambridge, I think to the children's hospital. This year she does the same thing. Of course, as everybody is interested in the charity, and as it is such an unusual thing for a child to do, everybody goes, and the house is full. Her mother says she has already sold tickets enough to pay all expenses. She has engaged the very best musical talent, going to see the artists herself. Besides Mr. Barnabee, she has Mr. McDonald the tenor, and Mrs. H. M. Smith who is singing before all the lyceums this winter, and the contralto who sings with her, Miss Bryant; and that sweet and famous foreign artist, Therese Liebe, with her violin, and the young Shoebruk, who is becoming famous with his cornet, and with these the well known organist Mr. Dow, to conduct the concert and play the accompaniaments. All these busy and famous people come for a smaller price, probably, than they usually ask, since they are engaged by a small manager, and for such a purpose."

I was naturally interested in this concert, both on my own account, and for the sake of certain small readers who ought to hear something about it. So on Monday night I went to Cambridge to go to the concert with my friends.

I am sorry to say that we were late, and did not hear the introductory address, written for the occasion, and delivered by the little girl—(I had almost written young lady,) herself. When we entered we found the large hall, floor and balcony, full of people, in perfect quiet, and the four singers were just rendering a beautiful quartette. We were just in time to get our seats amid the storms of applause, and glance at the pretty programme before the next thing in order. It made a very imposing appearance on the head of the programme, the name of the little girl in such dignified company. "Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert;" it read, "given in aid of the Cambridge Hospital, by Olive Webster French, assisted by the Distinguished and Popular Artists,"—and then all their names. But her name was in very small capitals, and theirs in very large ones!

As we read, the little maiden came out from the rooms in the rear of the stage, by a side door, and took a seat just beneath where we sat. She was not the bustling and important little miss one would half expect to see, but very shy and quiet; a slight and delicate little girl with fair complexion and soulful eyes; and she was plainly dressed in sober brown, with some natural flowers and a spray of smilax fastened in the crimps of her light-brown hair. As the singers came and went she kept her place, watching them with those stately, kindly eyes, and clapping her hands with the audience, when they applauded. One could see that she felt anxious for the success of her concert, and now and then, when the audience applauded in vain for the singers or players to favor them again, she would slip quietly out to beg them to come back.

I must say that I could but think there was too much soul in the kindly face, and I feared so much excitement and responsibility were hardly healthy for the child. But one could see that it was not at all for herself, but for the good and great work she had undertaken, that she was so anxious and excited.

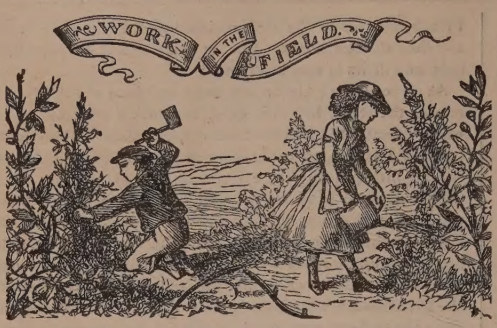
I should like to give the programme of the whole concert, but that is not necessary. One can imagine what a varied entertainment with so many artists, would be, Quartetts, duets, solos of voices and instruments; selections from the operas, Swiss and Swedish songs, Scotch ballads, the bewitching strains of the violin and the clear sounding cornet, interspersed with the songs of the inimitative Mr. Barnabee, all this made up a delightful evening, and as the large audience passed out at the close, we heard one say to another, "It is the best thing we have ever had here." As for ourselves we stole down a side stairway to the singer's room where among the beautifully dressed artists we found our little lady, and her mother, and I inquired about her success, and asked her if I might tell the story to other little girls and boys.

This is not the first time probably, that you have heard of children undertaking works of charity. The MYRTLE has had many true stories of such. You may remember the little girls in Lynn who held the fair for the twin babies, during the meeting of a Convention there. And during our centenary year a great many children's fairs were held, and the money they gained was given to the Murray Fund. After one of the great fires in Boston a young lady of seventeen years engaged Tremont Temple and gave a concert, the artists all giving their services, for the benefit of the families of the firemen who were killed. But I do not think you have heard before of an enterprise like this, where a little girl of ten has "engineered" a grand concert with such distinguished performances, and all for the benefit of the little children of the poor. The concert must have cost her two or three hundred dollars, and she doubtless had left for her charity as much more.

Now I do not say to every little girl and little boy who reads this "go and do the same thing." For it is a very great thing to do, and it would not always be a wise thing or a safe thing. In the first place the fathers and mothers of little folks must be careful about unhealthy excitement and anxiety for even in good works. And then the little folks must bear in mind that it would be very silly and vain to undertake even a good work just for the sake of seeing what they could do, or having their names in a story. Any vanity or pride about a good work spoils it. It was not little Olive French that was the important thing about the concert, and that she seemed to know. She was only a small helper, herself helped by a great many older and wiser people, towards the charity that was so important and beautiful.

There are two morals to this little story. One is "Do good as you have opportunity." The other is "Charity is not puffed up; doth not behave herself unseemingly; seeketh not her own."

H. A. B.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLVII.—PAUL.

Question. — How long did Paul and his company remain in Cæsarea?

Answer. — Acts xxi. 10.

Q. — What did a prophet tell Paul that the Jews would do to him, if he should go to Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xxi. 10, 11.

Q. — What did Paul's companions and the believers in Cæsarea do, when they heard this prophecy?

A. — Acts xxi. 12.

Q. — How were they affected as they besought Paul not to go?

A. — Acts xxi. 13.

Q. — What did Paul tell them he was ready to do?

A. — Acts xxi. 13.

Q. — When they could not induce him not to go, what did they do?

A. — Acts xxi. 14.

Q. — What did Paul and his company then do?

A. — Acts xxi. 15.

NOTE. Cæsarea is about 70 miles from Jerusalem.

Q. — Who joined the company?

A. — Acts xxi. 16.

Q. — How were they received by the brethren in Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xxi. 17.

NOTE. We must not forget that this was a meeting of those who believed that Christ had come for the whole world, and who, acting in obedience to the demands of their faith, had been over the world, and had endured all things to preach the gospel to every creature,—it was a meeting of these with those who had lately been strenuous in their teaching that Christ did not come for all nations.

Q. — What did Paul and the other Christian missionaries to the whole world, do on the day after their arrival?

A. — Acts xxi. 18.

Q. — What did Paul show to James and the elders?

A. — Acts xxi. 19.

Q. — What did James and the elders do when Paul had told the work of his mission to the Gentiles?

A. — Acts xxi. 20.

Q. — But what did they warn Paul of?

A. — Acts xxi. 30.

NOTE. These were Jewish believers in Christ, but they regarded it essential to conform to all the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic law.

Q. — What had these believers heard about Paul's teaching?

A. — Acts xxi. 21.

Q. — What, therefore, did James request of Paul?

A. — Acts xxi. 23, 24.

Q. — Why did James request Paul to do this?

A. — Acts xxi. 24.

Q. — Did James request this of the Gentile believers?

A. — Acts xxi. 25.

Q. — Did Paul comply with this request of James?

A. — Acts xxi. 26.

Enigma.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 24, 33, 3, 2, 30, 4, 37 is a sub-title sometimes given to one of the Apostles.

My 12, 21, 27, 26, 42 was a ruler.

My 2, 10, 14, 38, 23 was healed by Christ.

My 1, 13, 11, 29, 5, 22, 18, 7, 34 was a city condemned by Jesus.

My 40, 8, 36, 18, 35, 39, 17 was a place in Palestine inseparably connected with our Lord.

My 25, 15, 16, 31 denoted wrath.

My 28, 20, 41, 9, 19, 32 were worn by Christ.

My 6 is a vowel.

My whole is one of the beatitudes.

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